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MEMORANDUM -

Re: Willie Stevens

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Oct. 5, 1926.

Dixon

A woman of about 56 years of age, wearing glasses, plainly but neatly dressed, and giving evidence of more than an ordinary education, who can easily be identified by an unusual limp (one of her legs having been broken in an automobile accident some three years ago), called at the office at 3.30 P.M. today to volunteer some information. Her attitude is entirely frank and she indicated that she had come to volunteer the information only because of her dislike for Simpson and her desire to put the defense in possession of the facts in this particular respect. She asks that her identity be kept secret, and for this reason I did not press her for her name. I have no reasons to doubt but what she tells is based upon facts. Her story is as follows:

On the night of September 14, 1922, a Mr. Jack Dixon, an Englishman (profession that of an auditor), who was working in his home (street address unknown) in North Plainfield, New Jersey, on a private audit, heard peculiar noises coming from the direction of the front door. He went to that point and saw a man peering through the screen door. He opened the door and asked the person who he was. The man asked: "Is this the Parker House at Bound Brook." Mr. Dixon's reply was, that it was not and that the Parker House was four miles away. The stranger had a nervous manner; appeared to be greatly agitated. He said that he was looking for the Parker House. In the meantime Mrs. Lottie Dixon, Mr. Dixon's wife, came from within the house into the foyer where Mr. Dixon was standing and which was lighted by an electric lamp, and, noticing that the stranger was extremely nervous, took him by the hand and patted him in order to calm him. She noticed at the time that his hands were soft and white, like that of a woman's. She asked him if he was sick. He replied that he was not but that he was subject to epileptic fits.

Mr. Dixon offered to show the stranger the way in which he could reach Bound Brook by rail, and took him around the corner directing him to go across a small bridge in the immediate vicinity and to continue on that way to the Jersey Central Station, which would take him to Bound Brook. Before parting with him Mr. Dixon suggested, pointing in the direction stranger was to take, that he was to continue until he met a policeman and ask the policeman to direct him, and at the mention of the word "policeman" the stranger started and said, nervously, "Policeman?" and something like - "I don't want to see him," and disappeared.

While Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were standing in the foyer, Mr. Dixon, by way of ascertaining whether the man was a beggar, asked him if he had the time. He pulled out his watch, which was rather large and attached to his showy watch-chain, and said: "It's now eight-thirty." They were both a little nervous that evening and kept awake, and apparently after that the incident bothered them no more.

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